

# THE NEWS ANNUAL

RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED

## PATRONS OF THE "HEAVENLY"

"Time flies, Man dies" (as old as Time the saying.)

While things of Earth keep growing and decaying.

A ceaseless change works in the throng of life ;  
One falls, another strikes into the strife ;  
Now, high he rides exulting on the wave,  
But ere the thought springs, there is need to save,

Sudden he sinks into the soundless deep,  
And black oblivion's waters o'er him sweep.  
No rest, no stay, no surety in the years—  
Man's fondest hope turns out the thing he fears :  
The thing he dreads, that comes with threatening pace,

Changes when close, puts on a smiling face ;  
If he exults in thought, how blest his state,  
The secret boast foreruns a blow of fate—  
Certain of naught, man's wisest when he bends  
To God's decrees, and blesses what He sends.

Time flies indeed ! for here once more  
The printer's lad comes to your door ;  
Now be not surly to the imp,  
Although his New Year's verses limp ;  
Scold him not roughly for his muse ;  
Remember all the glorious news  
He brought you in the year that's gone—  
A grander scene the Sun shone on.  
News of battle, news of battle,

In glorious climes afar,  
Where clear above the sulphureous clouds  
Shone freedom's steady star ;  
Where right broke serried ranks of might ;  
And red ran limpid rill,  
And echoing to the cannon's roar  
Outspoke each gray scarred hill

Shone freedom's steady star ;

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## THE "HEAD QUARTERS."

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And on the field below the hill,  
Which like a lion crouching still,  
Watches o'er Edinburgh ! hark !  
To their cheer and hilarious shout,  
They have no foes to meet this bout !  
God save the Queen, but—France—look  
out.

A prosperous breeze swells out each sail,  
And every wave is dancing ;  
The cloudy sky is reft, and see  
With sunshine all is glancing ;  
The gracious mother sends her son—  
Blow soft ye treacherous gales—  
For loyal hearts are beating now  
To greet the Prince of Wales.  
He lands—and from their murky throats  
The cannons bellow thunder—  
He rides along the well lined streets,  
The floral arches under,  
With smile and bow, he makes his way  
Amidst the cheering people,  
While flags hang out, and bells ring out  
From every Church's steeple.

God Save the Queen—You're welcome  
Wales—

And such like hearty greetings—  
Are twined in evergreens and flowers,  
And painted bright on sheetings ;  
And, oh, the sights that evening shows  
On house fronts and 'neath porches ;  
But grandest far, the Fireman's march,  
Ablazing bright with torches.

And then in bright, in flowery halls,  
Where nothing in the shade is.

But grandest far, the Fireman's march,

Shone freedom's steady star ;  
Where right broke serried ranks of might ;  
And red ran limpid rill,  
And echoing to the cannon's roar  
Outspoke each grey scarred hill.

Land of the Sun and glowing sky,  
Land of the Muse—oh, Italy !  
Now thy rich blood is all afire !  
But where the hand, and where the lyre  
Could strike a note, could raise a lay  
Worthy the deeds done in thy latter day ?  
Land of the green and clustered vine,  
Thy crushed grapes flow in ruby wine !  
But redder, richer far the hue,  
Of thy sons' blood, shed last year for you.

Thy stormy play is so far done—  
Silenced the war-shout, mute the gun—  
But hope distends the beating heart  
Of those who've seen the curtain fall,  
That now behind it, one and all  
Are busy conning o'er their part,  
Ready to act, when e'er the call  
Sounds from the isle amidst the sea—  
Where, battle-worn, but saved from harm,  
O'er the bare fields of the winter farm,  
Muses the patriot soldier, he,  
Whose life-long dream has been of Thee—  
One, undivided, great, and free.

Turn we from scenes where men with guile  
The purest cause of truth defile ;  
Where every grand advantage won  
Brings woe to many, peace to none ;  
Where every triumph's black with gloom,  
And banners gay hide swollen tomb ;  
To other deeds and happier lands ;  
And see those many martial bands  
In scarlet, green, and hodden grey,  
Plumed and unplumed, a proud array !  
What meet they there for ? earnest fray ?  
Within great London's spreading park,

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But grandest far, the Fireman's march,  
Ablazing bright with torches.

And then in bright, in flowery halls,  
Where nothing in the shade is,  
To see the Royal youth march up  
'Tween lines of lovely ladies,  
And with his quick and cunning eye  
Take note of each dear beauty;  
'Tis a sight to cheer the grimmest heart,  
So well he does his duty.  
Now she has dropped her gala dress,  
Her marching and quadrilling,  
"God save the Prince, his suite—and all,"  
New Brunswick prays with feeling,  
And glad she'll be, again to see  
Young Albert, or a brother,  
But, gladder, prouder, far to see  
The good and gracious mother.

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But stop we here; 'tis very vain,  
In such a light and rapid strain,  
To note the actions of a year,  
That sure forebode great tumults near;  
Turn we where e'er we may, the cloud  
Is dark, the thunder's muttering loud,  
And louder and more near, and still  
Men brood over thoughts of coming ill;  
No rest unto the troubled earth;  
Each year brings forth a monstrous birth,  
Of war, anarchy, and civil strife:  
While madness, disease—all error rife—  
Work death and woe in social life;  
But still hope reigns within man's breast,  
That coming years, unlike the rest,  
Untold prosperity will bring;  
Oh, may the cheerful bells that ring  
The old year out, the new year in,  
Ring out the tyranny of sin,  
Ring in the reign of perfect peace,  
When bitterness and war shall cease.

icton, January 1, 1861.

